

Half past too late and yet you keep going,
Up ahead a vague realization that just keeps on
growing,
The road is covered by fingers of frost,
She always said you were supposed to be lost.

Sacred Boundaries will turn profane,
As roses blossom in gardens of pain,
A scornful throne fueled by disdain,
Lone Trumpet cries, to be heard once again.

A Submerged Fear in a casket of ice,
Yet another binary roll of the dice,
To lose or to win the answer unknown,
At least this time around you're never alone.

You flourish to all your packet of cards,
Ace of spades, your heart tears to shards,
Now even two of hearts can't unite you again,
Kings of diamonds on her finger still causes pain.

Seven of clubs darkens your day,
Hearts of cement still cause you dismay,
Seeker of answers will only find sorrow,
The birth of the day will end on the morrow.

Archaic emotions deepen your hunger,
As the touch of her hand plunges you under,
Wrapped up inside your cave of devotion,
You feed yourself lies, no cause for commotion

Your kind words for me are an epitaph,
My visible scars are your autograph,
But in the end the blame is all mine,
And tomorrow morning the sun will still shine,
Will shed its light on my silent shrine,
Devoted to that which was long ago mine.

Flowers

Why do the flowers weep?,
as we haphazardly shrug it off as dew,
Why do trees stir in their midnight slumber

,
Yet to us they still bear fruit,
And mushrooms mourn their fallen kin,
Whilst we add to our omlettes sin.

Nature's cry is sullen Bird,
Soft and gentle, seldom heard,
Trampled under boots of lead,
The petals fallen, Laid to bed,
For one last time the rose has bled.

So for mercy I implore,
No raven's cry of "Nevermore",
Feel nature's rhythm in your heart,
Please know we weren't meant to part.